

# The Musical World.

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VOL. 46—No. 2.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1868.

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## THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN. UNDER THE SOLE MANAGEMENT OF MR. JOHN RUSSELL.

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IN consequence of the rapidity of the Fire, considerable Loss has been incurred by the Orchestra, the Chorus, and the other Employés of the Theatre.

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ROBERT GARRARD, Esq., Chairman and Treasurer.

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A list of contributors will be shortly published.

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Soprano.

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MISS ANNA JEWELL will sing "THE NIGHT IS CLOSING ROUND, MOTHER" (CHALMERS MASTERS), "L'ARDITA" (ARDITI), and take part in the Trio, "I'M NOT THE QUEEN" (BALFE), with Miss MARION SEVERN and Mr. WILFORD MORGAN, at the Russell Institution, Wednesday next, January 15th.—2, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square.

MISS ELLICE JEWELL will play at the Russell Institution, Wednesday next, January 15th, SCHUBERT'S IMPROMPTU No. 2, and the Pianoforte Part in BEETHOVEN'S TRIO (in B flat), Op. 11, with Messrs. H. BLAGROVE and AYLWARD.—2, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square.

MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON will sing BENEDICT'S admired song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at the Metropolitan Free Hospital Concert, St. James's Hall, January 23rd.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing on the 13th January, Guildford; 21st, Croydon; 22nd, Leeds; 23rd, Swaffham; 29th, Store Street Rooms; February 5th, Hackney; 6th, Islington; 10th, London Institution; 11th, Newbury; 12th, Stroud; 17th, Newcastle; 18th, Durham; 19th and 21st, Newcastle; 24th, Lancaster; 27th, Vauxhall; March 5th, Croydon.—19, Newman Street, W.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON and Mr. WALTER BERNARD will sing "I'M AN ALSATIAN," the popular Duet from OFFENBACH's "Lisichen and Fritschen," at Guildford Institute, January 13th; the Manor House, Hackney, February 5th; the Islington Institute, 6th; and Croydon Literary Institution, March 5th.

**MISS ROSE HERSEE** will sing her own admired song, "A DAY TOO LATE," at Windsor, January 20th; and Myddelton Hall, February 7th.

**MISS CLINTON FYNES** requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

**MISS BERRY-GREENING** will sing **GUGLIELMO'S** admired Ballad, "THE LOVER AND THE BIRD," during her Tour in the North next week.

**MISS BERRY-GREENING** will sing her Favourite Song, "CHERRY RIPE," with Variations (composed expressly for her), at all the Towns during her forthcoming Tours in the Northern Counties, in January.

**MISS BERRY-GREENING** will sing her New Song, "SONGSTERS OF SPRING," expressly composed for her by **ALFRED CALDER** (Words by **B. B. STAYERS**), at all the Towns during her Tours in the Northern Counties.

**MISS BERRY-GREENING** is now making her engagements as principal Soprano for Miscellaneous Concerts and the following Oratorios:—"Messiah," "Creation," "Samson," "Seasons," "Acis and Galatea," "Alexander's Feast," "Israel in Egypt," "St. Paul," "Eli," "Naaman," "Ruins of Athens," "Stabat Mater," "Saul," "Solomon," "Judas Macabæus." Northern Counties in January.—Address: **MISS BERRY-GREENING**, care of Messrs. CHAPPELL, 60, New Bond Street, London, W.

**MADAME MARTORELLI-GARCIA** and **SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA** will sing **HENRY SMART'S** admired Duet, "WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA," at Belfast, January 13th.

**MDLLE. LIEBHART** will sing **SCHIRA'S** admired valse song, "IL BALLO," at Sittingbourne, January 20th; and Sheerness, 21st.

**MR. ALFRED HEMMING** will sing "ALICE WHERE ART THOU?" at Guildford, February 3rd.

**MR. ALFRED HEMMING** will sing the Duet from "Lischen and Fritzchen," "I'M AN ALSATIAN," with **Miss Stocken**, at Dover, January 20th.

**MR. ALFRED HEMMING** will sing "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Dover, January 20th.

**MR. WILFORD MORGAN** will sing "MY QUEEN" (BLUMENTHAL), "DEATH OF NELSON" (BRADAM), and the Tenor Part in **BALFE'S** Trio, "I'M NOT THE QUEEN," at the Russell Institution, Wednesday Evening next, January 15th.

**MR. VERNON RIGBY** will sing **BLUMENTHAL'S** song, "THE MESSAGE," and **ASCHER'S** popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Birmingham, January 11th (THIS DAY); and at Plymouth, Thursday, January 15th.

**MR. GEORGE PERREN** will sing **BLUMENTHAL'S** popular song, "THE MESSAGE," on Wednesday Evening, January 15th.

**MR. EMILE BERGER** will play his admired Transcription of **BALFE'S** popular song, "SI TU SAVAIS" ("Dish Thou but Know"), at the City Hall, Glasgow, and at his various engagements in Scotland.

**MR. CUMMINGS** will sing **MR. G. B. ALLEN'S** new song, "THE BRIDE OF A DAY," at St. James's Hall, January 23rd.

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## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The first concert of the new year and the eighth of the present season took place on Monday night. There were three novelties in the programme, which was otherwise of remarkable interest, as containing one of the most important string quartets of Beethoven and a pianoforte sonata by Schubert. The quartet was the second of the celebrated set of three inscribed to Prince Rasoumowsky, a distinguished musical amateur, and an enthusiastic admirer of Beethoven's music. As it had not been heard in St. James's Hall for four or five years it would have been welcome on that account, as well as on account of its many and great beauties. Although Mendelssohn used to say that the opening movement of the first of the Rasoumowsky quartets and the whole of the No. 11 (in F minor) were most strongly marked with Beethoven's individuality, we cannot but think that the *allegro* of the quartet in E minor is just as manifestly his, just as full of that independent thought and luxuriant fancy which place him at the head of all the instrumental composers, as either of the others. The leading theme alone, the first two bars of which, after a pause, are immediately repeated in another key, proclaims the daring originality of which he has given us a multitude of examples; but the entire movement is as utterly unlike anything else, even by Beethoven, as it is intrinsically admirable. Then the *adagio*, the *adagio* of the late Ernst's especial predilection, a movement which in pathetic earnestness has few equals; the *scherzo* with its quaint accentuation throughout on the second beat in each measure; the trio belonging to it, for the theme of which, as for the *finale* of the quartet in F, its direct predecessor, the composer has taken a simple Russian melody; and the last movement, a *presto* of unflagging animation—one and all are striking exemplifications of a genius that never repeated itself, because it had always something new ready at hand. The vigorous theme upon which the *presto* is built has, like the leading motive of the first movement, its peculiarity, though a peculiarity essentially different from the other. It opens boldly (to be technical for once) in the major key of C, then subsides at the cadence into E minor, the key of the quartet, and then immediately returns to C major; so that wherever this theme occurs we seem to be going repeatedly from C major to E minor, and *vice versa*. All, however, comes right in the end; the legitimate key is established, and the movement is a perfect organic whole—which, indeed, may be said of the quartet itself. The most exacting worshipper of Beethoven's chamber music must have been satisfied with the performance on Monday night, by Herr Straus, Herr L. Ries, Mr. H. Blagrove, and Signor Piatti. Often as it has been our agreeable duty to speak highly of the playing of Herr Straus we have never had occasion to do so in more unqualified terms than now. His reading was as legitimate as his execution was faultless.

Among the novelties—by which is meant pieces introduced for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—were three movements by J. S. Bach—"Prelude, Courante, and Allemande"—gathered, we presume, from the *Sechs Violoncelloli ohne Begleitung*, the only work of the sort mentioned by Forkel, Bach's first biographer, and by Kirnberger, his pupil, or referred to in the comprehensive catalogue which forms not the least useful part of C. H. Bitter's valuable work, *John Sebastian Bach*, published about three years since in Berlin. Compared with the six sonatas for violin without accompaniment these violoncello solos are light and unpretending. Nevertheless, they are interesting, if only because they are Bach's. The first and last (in C major) are little better than exercises for the acquirement of mechanical facility, more suitable to the studio than to the concert-room, for which they were clearly never intended; but the second (in G minor) is melodious and replete with sentiment. In what masterly style they were executed by Signor Piatti will easily be understood; tone, phrasing, accent, manipulation more absolutely perfect could not well be imagined. In no matter what school he may exhibit his powers, this gentleman is conspicuous as the greatest of living professors of his instrument.

The sonata by Schubert was the one in A minor, marked in the catalogue of his printed works as "Op. 42" and ostensibly given out as his first composition of the kind, though evidently on no good grounds, inasmuch as it bears the impress of his ripest experience. Like all Schubert's longer instrumental pieces, this sonata is irregular in construction, defying plain analysis, in short; but, like all of them, it shows genius in every movement, originality in every phrase. The first movement, entirely built upon two very concise themes, which are intermingled in a manner alto-

gether without precedent, as if they were not so much two themes as component parts of one, is, while seemingly the most incoherent, really and truly the most coherent of pieces. Only genius would have conceived this movement, which must have been written *currente calamo*; for it never could have been sedately planned, seeing that it has no definable plan at all. The *andante* with variations is exquisite; the theme is simplicity itself, but graceful and melodious as it is simple; the variations are every one of them piquant and full of character. The *scherzo* is one of Schubert's happiest, the trio to the *scherzo* one of his most ingenious and charming melodies. Perhaps the weakest movement of the sonata is the last, a *rondo* in quick time, a sort of *moto continuo*; but even this is so different from ordinary things that it can hardly fail to interest. The sonata was played by Mr. Hallé with that extreme care and finished neatness by which his performances are invariably distinguished; but even Mr. Hallé may be asked his reasons for taking the trio of the *scherzo* so slowly. The *scherzo* is marked *allegro vivace*, which means very quick, the trio *un poco più lento*, which means a little slower; but though he gave the first at the indicated speed, he gave the last as if it had been an *andante*. The applause that greeted his performance was hearty and general.

The second "novelty" was, in a musical sense, far more interesting than the first. This was Mozart's Trio in E major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, played, and admirably played, by MM. Hallé, Straus, and Piatti. The Trio in E, the sixth of eight compositions of the kind which Mozart has left, was composed in 1788, three years before his death, the same year which brought forth the immortal symphonies in E flat, G minor, and C (the "Jupiter"). It is one of the freshest and loveliest of his compositions for the chamber. That as a piece of musical writing it is wholly irreproachable may be well credited. Music was the natural language of Mozart, from his earliest youth; and he composed with an ease and certainty unparalleled, perhaps, in any other musician except Handel. Not to enter into detail, the second movement of the trio—*andante grazioso* (which was unanimously encored)—is in its way unique, a gem of primitive melody, set with infinite art. It is long since Mr. Arthur Chappell has "revived" a piece more genuine, or more certain to become a permanent favourite, than this trio from the same pen that traced *Don Giovanni* and the *Requiem*.

The third and last "novelty" in the programme of this interesting concert was a quartet by Haydn, in C major, which two movements alone—an *allegretto scherzando*, with variations, and a *finale*, that, as Schumann said of one of the quartet-finales of Cherubini, "sparkles like a diamond when you shake it"—would suffice to stamp as one of the happiest works of its class from one of the greatest and most prolific of all composers. This quartet which was played in perfection by MM. Straus, Ries, Blagrove, and Piatti, should be repeated at some future concert, and placed at the beginning instead of the end. Monday night's selection was longer than usual, and it is hardly fair to the father of instrumental music, the genial and always pleasant "Papa Haydn," to put his best works invariably in an unfavourable position. He is quite worthy at times to have the foremost place assigned to him; and he is pretty sure to do as much honour to it as any, even the most illustrious, of his rivals.

There was only one singer, but that singer was Mr. Santley, who gave M. Gounod's "Nazareth," two beautiful songs by Schubert (with excellent English versions of the words by Mr. Campbell Clarke), and a new song by Mr. Henry Smart, in his very best manner. Mr. Smart's song, "Wake, Mary, wake," a serenade composed to words (by Mr. John Lathey) that at once convey a poetical idea and lend themselves readily to music, is one of the most graceful and expressive he has written. It could not have had a fairer chance, Mr. Santley, like all genuine artists, being as conscientious as he is gifted. Better singing never introduced a new song to the public, nor could heartier applause have been bestowed. How this, as well as the other vocal pieces of the evening, was accompanied by Mr. Benedict it is unnecessary to say.

For the next concert Schubert's magnificent *Ottet*, for string and wind instruments, is announced, together with Mozart's Trio for pianoforte, clarinet, and viola (Madame Arabella Goddard, Messrs. Lazarus and H. Blagrove), and a pianoforte sonata in B flat, by the same composer, now to the Monday Popular Concerts (Madame Goddard). Mr. Sims Reeves is to be the singer, and Beethoven's "Adelaide" one of the songs.



## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN VIENNA.

Sad and numerous were the forebodings to which many writers on the press, and, influenced by them, a great number of the public, gave way, when Sig. Salvi retired to make room for Dr. Dingelstedt at the Imperial Operahouse. Since, however, the Doctor has succeeded to the managerial throne, there certainly has been exhibited a greater amount of energy in the whole manner of carrying on the establishment of which he is the chief. Whether this additional energy is due to Dr. Dingelstedt himself, to Herr Esser, his *Capellmeister*, or to some subordinate official, it is impossible for anyone not behind the scenes to say, and, after all, it does not much matter, as far as the public are concerned; what is wanted are measures not men. The great question is: Are things at the Imperial Operahouse done better now than they were under the reign of Sig. Salvi? There can be no doubt that they are better done. It is to be hoped that this amelioration in the management may not prove a mere spurt, for it is high time that the Viennese should have better operatic fare than that on which they have too long been kept, or rather starved.—A lady of the name of Von Voggenhuber has appeared lately in several leading characters, and produced a far from unfavourable impression. Dr. Dingelstedt might do worse than offer her a permanent engagement. The character she chose for her first appearance was that of Fidelio in Beethoven's immortal work, and though she was extremely nervous, and unable to do herself justice, she did quite enough to prove that she was no common artist. She was well supported. Herr Draxler was an admirable Rocco; Herr Beck, a good Pizarro; and Madlle. Benza, a highly pleasing Marzelline. The second part in which Madame von Voggenhuber appeared, was Margarethe in M. Gounod's *Faust*. In this opera she was even more successful than in *Fidelio*, though Mr. Adams did not make the most seductive of lovers. In *Die Afrikanerin* she was far from being bad, but did not make a hit. In fact, neither the music nor the part seem to suit her. By the way, it may be mentioned that Madame von Voggenhuber is still young, good-looking, and comes from Bremen. On the anniversary of Mozart's death, *Don Juan* was performed, the part of Zerline being sustained by Mdlle. Tellheim, who made her first appearance after an absence of several months. She sang and acted pretty well, but her singing is still marred by the tremolo which distinguished her from the first. Elvira was ably represented by Madame Wilt. Don Juan, Don Octavio, and Leporello were entrusted to Herren Beck, Walter, and Draxler respectively.—Mdlle. von Edelsberg has paid Vienna a visit. She has appeared in M. Gounod's *Faust*, and Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, sustaining the part of Margarethe in the one, and that of Fides in the other. She has made a highly favourable impression. Not so the new ballet, or, as it is termed in the bills, the "choreographic drama" of *Nena Sahib*, written, if a ballet is written, by M. H. Desplaces, with music by Herren Panizza and Strebingner. There were strong marks of disapprobation during the performance, and the ballet—"choreographic drama," we should say (*pardon*, M. Desplaces)—was saved wholly and solely by the last scene, which is magnificent. But it is not destined to enjoy a long run, despite all the splendour with which it is mounted.

It was mentioned in the *Musical World* of Nov. 23rd, 1867, that Herr Strampfer had resolved to make an experiment and see if he could not revive sterling comic opera in Vienna, or, at any rate, at the Theater an der Wien, and that he had, in consequence, produced *Des Teufels Antheil*. It did not prove a success. But then Herr Theodor Formes made a highly inefficient Raphael. Herr Strampfer continued his "experiment" by bringing out, after a considerable interval, *Lucia di Lammermoor*. M. Roger was Edgardo, and, on the first night, acted and sang magnificently. But, alas! no one can defy Time, whatever efforts he may make to do so. At the second performance, M. Roger's voice was not equal to the work it had to execute, and it was only with the utmost difficulty that the veteran singer was able to get through the opera. He will, probably, not attempt the part again; at any rate, not for some little time, especially as Herr Strampfer's "experiment" of giving his patrons a higher class of amusement than that to which they have been of late accustomed bears all the marks of turning out, if persisted in, a decided failure. At the first performance of *Lucia*, the house was only respectfully full; it certainly was not overcrowded. At the

second performance it showed a beggarly account of empty boxes. Herr Strampfer's patrons are evidently more partial to M. Offenbach than to Auber and Donizetti, and, therefore, exemplifying the French proverb:

"On revient toujours,  
A ses premières amours,"

to M. Offenbach Herr Strampfer will, probably, without loss of time, return.

There has been no lack of concerts. The Schiller Association, called from the poet's celebrated poem, "Die Glocke," gave a concert, of a mixed character, on the poet's birthday. The concert was exceedingly well attended. An elegant copy of Schiller's works, in all the pride of the typographer's and bookbinder's art, was presented to each of thirty pupils, selected without distinction of creed, from different "Volksschulen" (public free schools), in Vienna; a collection was made for the Schiller Monument at Marburg; Ziehrer's excellent band performed various overtures by well-known composers; Mdlle. L'Allemand, a pupil of Madame Gabillon, the actress at the Imperial Burg Theater, spoke two poetic effusions very charmingly; Herr Witt, a young man, possessing an agreeable tenor voice, who will shortly make his *début* at the Imperial Operahouse, sang a song entitled "Mainacht" composed by a talented amateur, Herr F. von Filek; and, lastly, Herr Findeisen gave some recitations that were tumultuously applauded.—Herren Joachim and Brahms have been giving concerts together. Here, as everywhere else, does the great violinist demonstrate the power of genuine high art, and prove his right to the first place among his contemporary brothers of the bow. At his first two concerts, he played, among other things, Tartini's "Teufelstriller;" J. S. Bach's E major Sonata; Schumann's "Abendlied;" and Paganini's "Capricen." He took part, also, with Herr Brahms in Schubert's "Rondo Brillant" in B minor, and Beethoven's G major Sonata. It is scarcely necessary to say that all Joachim's playing was applauded to the very echo. With regard to his fellow concert-giver, Herr Brahms, he will not yet efface Liszt, as a pianist, in the estimation of the Viennese. They allow that he possesses talent, but say that he lacks feeling. As a composer, Herr Brahms experienced a chequered fortune; some of his compositions were well received, but he endured a sad defeat at the second Gesellschafts Concert, when some fragments from a *Requiem* by him were performed. One novelty about it is, that it is written to German words—passages from the German Bible. This alone would be sufficient to prevent its adoption in the Roman Catholic Churches of Vienna, even were the music not a failure. The first two movements went off pretty well, but the third occasioned quite a conflict, the result of which, however, was never for a moment doubtful, between the partisans of the composer and the great body of the audience. The applause, faint though it was, of the former provoked the indignation of the latter, and caused them to manifest their disapprobation more emphatically and more unmistakably than, in all probability, they otherwise would have done. This was rather a serious check for Herr Brahms, but he can of course console himself by thinking his work too good for the Viennese, whose fathers, as he will scarcely fail to remember, did not, at first, value very highly a certain production entitled *Fidelio*. The programme of the same concert included Schubert's music to the drama of *Rosamunde* produced in 1823, at the Theater an der Wien. The words were written by Madame von Chezy, who indited also those of Weber's *Euryanthe*. There are eight numbers, which are all charmingly written, and which were all rapturously applauded. The third number, the ballet-music, was repeated; the audience would take no refusal, so Herr Herbeck, the conductor, had to yield. But to return to Joachim. His last concert was the greatest success of all. The principal piece was Herr Brahms's sestet in B flat major, already successfully produced in Vienna two years ago by Herr Hellmesberger. It was executed to perfection, and, at the conclusion, both Joachim and Herr Brahms were tumultuously recalled. The concert room was crowded.—The first of Herr Hellmesberger's Quartet Concerts this season was exceedingly interesting. The programme included Mozart's Quartet in D minor—one of the six quartets composed at Vienna in August and September 1773—a new Quintet by Herr Grädener, junr., and Beethoven's "Harfenquartett," as it is

called, Op. 74. At one time, Herr Grädener's Quintet appeared likely to prove a success, but it was unfortunately marred by a bombastic, stupid *finale*. At the conclusion of Beethoven's Quartet, Herr Hellmesberger and his colleagues were vociferously recalled.—The blind pianist, Herr Labor gave a concert, which was attended by a select and appreciative, if not numerous, audience. Herr Labor lost his sight when he was very young, and he is said to possess so surprising a musical memory that, in order to play the longest composition correctly, he only requires to hear it executed once by his sister, who, likewise, is an accomplished pianist. It was thus he rendered himself conversant with the whole range of pianoforte literature. The pieces selected by him at his concert were Beethoven's Trio in D major; the same composer's Pianoforte Sonata, Op. 10, No. 3; Schubert's Impromptu in C minor; Schumann's "Ende vom Lied," and Prelude with Fugue, by Bach. In addition to performing the above, he took part with Mlle. Joel in some original Variations of his own for two pianos. The vocalist was Madame Passy-Cornet, who sang songs by Mendelssohn, Schumann, and others.—There have been many other concerts given, but none demand an especial record.

THEATRE ROYAL, CORK.—The opera company was distinguished by the production, last night, of an opera new in Cork—*Un Ballo in Maschera*. The performance was entirely successful. The opera undoubtedly contains some of Verdi's most brilliant music; and all the artists engaged in its production went at their work with a will and ability which elicited numerous encores, several recalls before the curtain, and a termination of the opera amidst enthusiastic plaudits. The *finales* to the several acts have been most carefully worked out, and each was, in its particular style, a delightful musical treat, skilfully and effectively rendered. The difficult concerted piece, ending in the refrain, "Tis now agreed we all shall meet," at the end of the first act, was the first of these that attracted the attention of the audience. This was sung with great spirit by Miss Cole (Edgar), Mr. Parkinson (Richard), and Mr. Durand (Renato), with what was, on this occasion, a really well-drilled and effective chorus. The Choral Hymn at the end of the second act, and the delightful quartet and chorus at the end of the third—with its mocking refrain of the jeering conspirators, "This tragedy now into comedy turned," were other striking examples of this. Full effect was given to this scene by the admirable acting of Madame Lancia as Adelia. Mr. Parkinson, in the character of the chivalrous, though unthinking Prince, who leads the lady into her difficulties, but who subsequently pays so dearly for his thoughtlessness, was also highly applauded, and sang with alternating tenderness and power. Miss Zerbioli gave every satisfaction as Ulrica, the sorceress. Mr. Durand was as satisfactory as ever. Miss Blanche Cole sustained the part of Edgar the page. This much is certain that, while doing nothing in particular, Edgar has the most captivating music in the opera to sing, the prettiest dress to wear, and—to crown all—did both last night, in the person of Miss Cole, with a success which seemed to have bewitched the house. The first encore was that bestowed on her (or his) song, "She reads the stars above," and the most tumultuous re-demand of the night was that made for the fascinating little ballad, "With Love's young dreams," also sung by her. Miss Cole is a very young, but already a very accomplished singer. Her voice is fresh, clear, and penetrating, and is trained to a very high standard of perfection. With time and the evident adaptation to her art she displays the warmest anticipations may be formed of her success. The audience last night, glad to welcome so much nascent talent, gave her one of the most cordial receptions we have ever seen any *débütante* receive. She, Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Durand—everybody, indeed, on the stage at the end of the second act—were recalled, amidst the greatest enthusiasm; and, at the end, there was a demand for the re-appearance of all the leading artists, which stamped the entire performance as an unmixt success. Only one oversight was committed by the audience, in not insisting on the appearance of Herr Lutz, the accomplished conductor, to whom only those familiar with the trouble and pains devolved on that officer in the production of a new opera, know how much was due. So successful a production of this opera, as a whole, is extremely creditable to the company. There was a well-filled house, who showed appreciation of the best points of the opera throughout.—*Cork Paper*, Jan. 7.

GENOA.—Meybeer's *Prophète* has been most successfully revived at the Teatro Carlo Felice, where it had not been played for several years. *Le Favorita* was to be the next opera produced.

COBURG.—The operatic company have left for Gotha. The season has afforded much gratification to the public.

WIESBADEN.—M. Gounod's *Romeo und Julie* has been produced, but does not seem likely to become very popular.

## MUSIC OF NATURE.

## No. 10.—FROG MUSIC IN BRAZIL.

A few years back I was in the city of Albuquerque, in the upper provinces of Brazil, above Paraguay about 2,000 miles from the mouth of the river La Plata. A party of us were riding for days before with a guide from Fort Olympia, an old Spanish fort built on the first settlement of these parts by the Spaniards, on the frontiers of Brazil. Our guide, Patricio, on our last day's journey hoped to be able to bring us across the Serra, so as to reach Albuquerque the same evening. We arrived at a place called Belem, in a deep glen. As the pass was so wild, and bore so bad a name, we asked him if the keeper of the *venda* close by was to be trusted; he shrugged his shoulders, and said: "Every married man was warranted honest in this country," but he could say no more for him; we however pushed on, and left our disappointed hosts with a very dark scowl on their countenances—and a most cadaverous and repulsive group we never looked at, consisting of an elderly man, his wife, and two sons. We resolved rather to pass the night travelling, than in the den of a bandit's family. Our guide, Patricio, with his usual sagacity wound his way with unerring instinct, and long after dark brought us safe to the *venda* of Albuquerque. It is a large establishment to accommodate the concourse of passengers who make it their place of rest after months of riding on mules across the country.

Through the large area of the house there ran a limpid stream, whose gurgling sound was very pleasant, and we hoped it would lull us to repose when we lay down. But the moment everything was silent the most discordant music burst from the stream, which continued all night. This proceeded from the multitude of frogs which made their abode there, and, like the *ranæ palustres* of Horace, completely averted sleep. The noise in this place was the third distinct diversity of sound we had heard from these animals: the first proceeded from the ferradors, or smiths; the second from the assabiadors, or whistlers; and, now, from the grassadors, or croakers. It was a very loud, deep bass, that caused a sense of vibration in everything about us. This extraordinary variety in the sound made by animals, in every other respect the same, argued a singular diversity in the structures of the muscles of the larynx, which would be a nice and curious subject of investigation.

After passing the night without any rest, from the infernal croaking without intermission, I was made aware that the Brazilians possess the descendant of the very cock that crew when Peter denied his Master. I was surprised at day-light by a very extraordinary sound, which proceeded from a yard not far from the *venda*, which I discovered was the crowing of a cock. It was the lifting up of an extraordinary figure, immensely tall, almost all legs and thighs, with a very small body, and when he erected himself to crow, was as long as a crane; but he was particularly distinguished by his song. At the conclusion of his crow, when other cocks ceased their note, he prolonged it into a most dismal note, which had a very monitory sound. One of my Paraguayan servants then informed me that it was the breed of the cock that crowed to Peter, and that this lengthened and dreary sound was intended as an additional warning and reproach to him for what he had done.

B. B.

DRESDEN.—At the grand concert given in celebration of the King's birthday, among other pieces performed was Herr W. Westmeyer's *Visions of Napoleon I. at St. Helena*, a work dedicated to the Emperor of the French, who has rewarded the composer with the large gold Imperial medal. The composer hitherto belonged to the conservative school, but in this instance he has followed, for the first time, the path pursued by Berlioz and Liszt. He has drawn up a programme conveying to us the visionary train of thought passing through the mind of the Imperial captive. It runs something to this effect: It is evening. Plunged in melancholy reflections, the Emperor is sitting alone at his favourite spot in the island. His thoughts wander back; pictures of his great past glory, splendour, and power flit before his mind. His mother and son appear to him; the hosts of his faithful warriors defile before him. At length his melancholy is dispelled by the voice of his good Genius, who says: "You have given the history of the world a new direction, etc., but your race shall not perish; it shall continue to flourish with greater magnificence than ever." The work was admirably executed and well received.

HANOVER.—Shakspeare's *Julius Cæsar* has been performed with all Dr. Hans von Bulow's music.

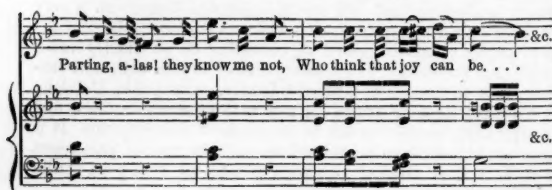
## REVIEWS.

*Little Pickle's Quadrille.* Composed for the Pianoforte by STEPHEN GLOVER. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

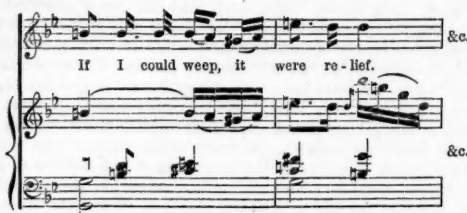
A PARTICULARLY lively set of quadrilles, with a well-executed portrait (in colours) of Little Pickle as a frontispiece. Judging by his expression and surroundings, he must be an amiable and harmless youth.

*The Parting (La Partenza).* Song. The words by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY; the music by JULES BENEDICT. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THIS song is one far above the common order, as might be inferred from the name of its composer. But Mr. Benedict himself, graceful and scholarly as he always is, has seldom written a fugitive piece so classically conceived and carried out as the one before us. It abounds in touches which bespeak the hand of a master, and which give to it a charm even for the most exacting taste. The key is G minor, and the character of the melody can be gathered from the opening bars:—



From this, to what we may call the second subject of the song, its expression becomes more and more passionate. Ending on the dominant chord, a smooth passage of tenths in the accompaniment leads to the following charming theme, which in the tonic minor has already served for an introduction:—



In this more hopeful mood, each verse of the song ends, happily expressing by such means the feeling of the words, which are not unworthy of being associated with music so elegant.

*The Fairy Boat (J. H. TULLY).* Transcription for the Piano by BRINLEY RICHARDS. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

THIS is a very simple and easy pianoforte arrangement of a popular and pleasing melody. Mr. Richards has done his work with the skill and good taste he invariably displays, and the large class of performers on the "household instrument," whose powers of execution are limited, will thank him for a useful addition to their stock of music.

*Studies for the Piano,* consisting of exercises in all the various keys, by D. STRIEBELT. Edited by JULES BENEDICT. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

THE issue of these excellent studies in a form and at a price which makes them generally accessible is an event whereat earnest students of the pianoforte should rejoice. Those who know them will need nothing to be said in their praise. Those who do not, we advise to make their acquaintance as soon as possible, because, in addition to being admirably adapted for the attainment of certain specified ends, they make toll a pleasure by the interest they excite. The name of Mr. Benedict sufficiently guarantees the carefulness of the editing.

*The Moss Rose.* Song. Words from the German; music by E. BUNNETT, Mus. Bac. Cantab. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THE subject of this song is the pretty German legend, which accounts for the moss thrown around the moss rose, by stating it to be the grateful gift of the angel of the flowers to whom a rose tree had afforded shelter. Mr. Bunnett's music is appropriate, and written with good taste as well as skill. Altogether the song is an acceptable one.

*The Pilgrim Bird (L'Oiseau du Paradis).* The words by LOUISA WHELAN; the music by MARC BURT. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

THE words of this song—a not particularly successful translation from the French—tell of a bird of Paradise which had wandered to earth, but which resisted all invitations to remain with the parrot-like answer, "An Eden bird am I." There is nothing in the music specially calling for either praise or blame.

"*I once had a Sweet Little Doll, Dears.*" Words taken from Professor Kingsley's *Water Babies*; music composed expressly for the Pembroke College Concert 1867, by WILLIAM BOYD. [London: Schott & Co.]

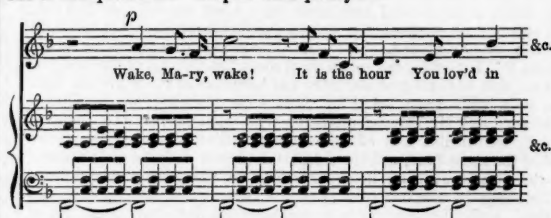
A BABY song, set to music appropriately babyish, and "dedicated to E. S. C. and J. H. F., without permission," because, we presume, the owners of those initials are babies, and not able to give it. But was the Pembroke College Concert of 1867 attended by babies? Seriously, why should composers feel bound to give the childish nonsense of eminent men a musical dress, unless they intend it for the pages of a nursery ballad book. The song before us is, undoubtedly, very good of its sort, and the compiler of such a book would give it a hearty welcome.

*Bond Street: A Magazine of Popular Music.* No. I. [London: Hopwood & Crew.]

FOLLOWING in the wake of the publishers of *Hanover Square*, but appealing to a very different class of subscribers, Messrs. Hopwood & Crew have now issued the first number of their magazine. No doubt a great many people will be pleased with it, and pronounce it—in the words of the comic song it contains—"awfully jolly." It is prettily got up. *Chose qui plait est a demi vendue.*

*Wake, Mary, Wake.* Song for a Baritone Voice. The poetry by JOHN LATEY; the music by HENRY SMART. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

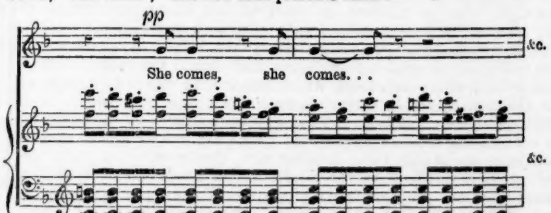
THIS song was sung by Mr. Santley at the last Monday Popular Concert with unequivocal success. The result was due to the excellence of the music and words not less than to the perfection of the rendering they received. Mr. Smart, in composing the former, by no means restricted his fancy by a determination to write down to what is considered to be the popular taste. As a consequence, he has given us a song of more than ordinary pretensions, and having decided claims upon serious attention. Its character will, perhaps, be best shown by one or two quotations. It opens thus quietly:—



The first section of the verse ending in the dominant key, an abrupt transition leads to the following:—



in which more energetic style the verse continues to the end. The second verse presents in its first section a little variety upon the preceding, but, like it, closes on the dominant. At that point to the words, "She comes," this new idea presents itself:—



and is carried on for some time, after which a vigorous *coda*, abounding in triplets for the voice, brings the song to an end. We need not say that Mr. Smart has done something worthy of his reputation in writing "Wake, Mary, wake." The words are good enough to rank among real poetry, and do Mr. Lathey very great credit.

PRAGUE.—A comic opera, *In the Well*, by Professor Blödek, has been successfully produced at the Bohemian Theatre.



## "MUSIC IN ENGLAND."

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I don't expect you will put this letter in your paper, but I shall send it to you all the same, for, "Without a trial there's no denial." Do you want to know why I don't expect? This is why—because I stopped Egg from making fun of me in the *Musical World*. How he went on about my sayings and doings was all unbeknown till our curate let it out by chance. "No more o' that game for me, Master Egg," says I, and you know how I kept my word. Of course you're savage, and will throw what I write into the fire. Never mind, the loss will be yours.

I have got something to say about what I read in a magazine that Mr. Cope let me have, called the *Contemporary Review*. A Mr. H. R. Haweis has been a-writing there upon "Music in England," and surely 'tis funny stuff. The gentleman puts me in mind of a bird we call in these parts a "tom-tit." The tom-tit, you must know, is a very little bird, with very peart, saucy ways of his own. He don't stop long in one place, but keeps a-hopping from twig to twig, and on every twig he says "chirp." I fancy as how Mr. Haweis must be something like the tom-tit. When I looks at the title "Music in England," I thinks to myself—well, now then, I shall get some notion of how things be a-going on, but I never was so took in in all my life afore. All I could see was Mr. Haweis a-hopping from one thing to another and crying "chirp."

He begins his chirping, however, just as if he was tuning up for a concert of nightingales. "England is not a musical country—England is not an artistic country," says he. That's his text, and I thought as how he would go on and prove it by deep argyment. Not a bit of it, for he backs up one saying by another. Here's a string of them: "Music in England has always been an exotic." "The Elizabethan music was all Italian, the Restoration music half French and half German." "Pelham Humphreys is as really French, as Dr. Sterndale Bennett is really German." Then he says as how Tallis, Farrant, Byrd, Morley, Ward, Wilbye, and Purcell "were composers in England, not English composers;" and winds up so: "The music of the people was low ballads—the music of the people is still low ballads. Our highest national music vibrates between 'When other lips,' and 'Champagne Charlie.'" What do you think of that, Mr. Editor? Pretty well, ain't it? Now I be not a-going to argy with Mr. Haweis because I don't pretend to any learning, but, somehow, I feels as how he is all wrong; or if not exactly all wrong, as how the reason can be made all clear without putting England down below every other country in the world. Besides this, Mr. Haweis himself, as soon as he begins to hop about and chirp, lets us see that we English have got some music in us arter all. He says as how we pay more for music than anyone else, and, if so, we must love it, I fancy, besides which he observes: "... let a music seed of any kind at once take root and it will spread with amazing rapidity," and then goes on to show how scheme after scheme for the good of music have growed up natural. And yet music be an exotic, be it? After that I ought to plant one of my fields with pine apples. But, as I said afore, Mr. Haweis don't argyfy, he only goes a-twittering. You shall see how he twitters:—

Mendelssohn set the ball of music a-rolling in England, he says; and its running on can be judged by the people's fondness for orchestral music. He likes to see a lot of folks round the German bands in the streets, because it's a sign of a taste for better stuff, like eating penny ices and drinking ginger-pop. The immortal Mons. Jullien was generally understood to wear the largest white waistcoat ever seen, and had the singular merit of finding himself on all occasions inspired with the most appropriate emotions. He had grand triumphs at the Surrey Gardens, when the Jullien orchestra, over-looking the artificial lake, rang through the summer evenings, and sent its echoes reverberating through the mimic fortress of Gibraltar, or the magic caves presently to be lit up by forty thousand additional lamps. Happy hours! he remembers them in the days of his youth. Bottesini filled the world (of the Surrey Gardens) with a new wonder and delight; Sivioli inherited all the flowing sweetness of the great magician (Paganini), without a spark of his demoniac fury; and Levi and Wieniawski were instrumental sensations. Mr. Manns is the finest classical conductor in England. He makes his orchestra play Beethoven's symphonies, as Charles Hallé plays Beethoven's sonatas. Signor Bottesini has tact and genius, wields the bâton with grace and power, is the first

contra-basso in the world, and the third best billiard player in Europe. Herr Strauss is a strange new figure, a slim and dandified young man, with a profuse black beard and moustache. He is now shaking his bow at the distant drummer, egging on the wind, picking up the basses, turning fiercely on the other stringed instruments, then stamping, turning a pirouette, and dashing his bow down on his own fiddle strings. He dances, too, and is an inexorable "Pied piper" (What's that, Mr. Editor?). Dr. Bennett has not the same qualities as Mendelssohn and Costa, but he is full of refinement and quiet power. Mr. Sullivan has splendid original gifts, and can be, as a composer, almost anything he chooses, but he does not yet know his good writings from his bad. Mr. Cusins got on well during the last Philharmonic season. The opera is in every sense an almost unmix'd evil, for music and dramatic action cannot agree. Mozart wrote opera because the influence of Italy was then dominant in Germany. Schubert failed in it, so did Spohr, Mendelssohn avoided it, Weber was successful for a wonder, Wagner's despair drove him into wild theories, Schumann would have nothing to do with scenic effect, and Beethoven wrote *Fidelio* merely to prove that he could do anything. Opera is only popular because the public are children, and are led like children. (Our curate agrees with this, but then opera is sour grapes to him, you know.) Mr. Costa is the most popular conductor in England, and the only man capable of managing a Handel orchestra. *Israel in Egypt* is the only oratorio worth performing in the centre transept, and Sims Reeves at the Crystal Palace is like a penny trumpet in Westminster Abbey ("and the enemy said!"). The music-halls are undergoing a happy change, and members of cathedral choirs sing in them. The penny gaffs and public-house concerts, if coarse, are moral. No one should despise the Christy Minstrels, for the negro is more really musical than the Englishman. His songs on the Ohio river are akin to those sung by the waters of Babylon. The St. James's Hall entertainment bears the impress of its romantic origin. The scent of the roses may be said to hang round it still. Stringed quartets are the most intellectual form of music—they are a musical microcosm. The great quartet writers were Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Mendelssohn always strove after orchestral effects, and one expects to hear the roll of the kettle-drum in his compositions for strings. Joachim is the greatest living violinist, Ries is masterly and unobtrusive, Blagrove adorns the post of *primo tenore*, and Signor Piatti is the only violoncellist people care to hear. For a shilling any one can get a seat at the Monday Popular Concerts.

Our curate calls what I have just writ "a summary" of Mr. Haweis's chirpings, and says 'tis fairly done. So I think. What is your notion, Mr. Editor, of a magazine (price half-a-crown) which puts in such gossip as a serious article about "Music in England?" I baint a tom-tit—rather too big round for that—but more like a turkey-cock gobbling about the homestead. I shall now think about sending my gobblings to the *Saturday Review*.—Your humble servant,

BENJAMIN BODGER.

Bullockton, Jan. 6, 1868.

NEW YORK.—The entertainment given by Mr. Kennedy at Steinway Hall, in aid of the library of the New York Caledonian Club, was most successful. There was a crush at the door to get in; a crush inside for seats; a crush down stairs, and a crush up stairs. The hall was filled to the door. Mr. Kennedy on entering the hall was received with enthusiasm by the audience, which numbered over two thousand persons. He was in excellent spirits, and sang with more than his usual animation. Every song was warmly applauded, and he was compelled to extend his programme to satisfy his admirers. The receipts form a handsome donation to the funds of the Caledonian Club library, for which Mr. Kennedy is entitled to the thanks not only of the members of the club, but also of all Scotsmen who may hereafter enjoy the benefits of the institution he has aided.—*New York Herald*.

BRESLAU.—The annual Christmas concert of the Sing-Academie took place this year under the direction of Herr Schaffer. The programme included: "Nun freu't euch, liebe Christen g'mein," by J. Euart; chorus from Mendelssohn's unfinished oratorio of *Christus*; contralto air from J. S. Bach's first *Christmas Cantata*; two Christmas songs: "Joseph, lieber Joseph mein," and melody of the 14th century, arranged for four parts by Boden Schutz (1608), and "Stille Nacht," by Mich. Haydn; "Festgesang a capella" (six-part), by J. Euart; "Salve, Regina," by Guiseppe Bernabei; "Ave Maria," by Mendelssohn; and *Cantata on the last Sunday in the Year*, by J. S. Bach.

TURIN.—*Don Carlos* has proved a hit at the Regio Teatro.

# MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 13TH, 1868,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

## Programme.

### PART I.

OTTET, in F, Op. 166, for two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Double Bass, Clarinet, French Horn, and Bassoon—MM. STRAUSS, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, PIATTI, REYNOLDS, LAZARUS, C. HANFNER, and WINTERBOTTOM ... .. Schubert.  
SONGS {"Les Regrets"}, Mr. SIMS REEVES ... .. Schubert.  
SONG {"Devotion"} ... .. Schumann.  
SONATA, in B flat, for Pianoforte alone (No. 5 of Hallé's Edition)—first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD ... .. Mozart.

### PART II.

TRIO, in E flat, for Pianoforte, Clarinet, and Viola—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, MM. LAZARUS and HENRY BLAGROVE SONG, "Adelaide"—Mr. SIMS REEVES (Accompanied by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD) ... .. Beethoven.  
QUARTET, in B minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, MM. STRAUSS, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI ... .. Mendelssohn.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HORACE MAYHEW.—Gourdon de Genouillac, of course. Misnia was near to Pergamus. Consult Galen—or, better, John Oxenford.

SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.—Guastavinus recites it of Censorinus ("Mens erit apta copi tum quum latissima rerum, ut seges in pingui luxuriabit humo"). Consult Thaddeus Egg.

## DEATH.

On the 2nd inst, at Manchester, Dr. MARK, the leader and manager of the well-known "Little Men."

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1868.

## GERMAN COMIC OPERA.\*

IT is a strange phenomenon that, while German instrumental music can show a mass of compositions which may be denominated humorous, German comic opera has no real existence. In

\* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

Dittesdorf's productions known as *Singspiele*,\* we find undoubtedly an unmistakable foundation, on which German comic opera might have been developed, but that is a process it never underwent. Mozart's *Belmonte und Constanze* is a work bearing in every respect the stamp of divine genius, but the words of the more serious airs are not in accordance with the spirit of our own times; in the *Zauberflöte*, as in the dramas of Shakspeare, the most elevated sentiments advance hand in hand with the comic element; and, finally, *Figaros Hochzeit*—we make the assertion at the risk of being branded as heretics—is an *Italian* opera, written in the style of the period† by the greatest of German operatic composers.

After Dittesdorf, the class of composition which might be termed German comic opera continued to grow flatter and flatter, sinking into the *Singspiel*, and eventually the farce, where music merely existed on sufferance to accompany the refrain. Shenk's *Dorfbarbier* may, in its day, have been considered entertaining enough, but, for originality, character, masterly colouring, and artistic application of available resources, it cannot for a moment be compared with Dittesdorf's *Doctor und Apotheke*‡.

What Kauer composed for *Das Donauweibchen*, and what Wenzel Müller wrote (more particularly the music in Raimund's farces), was simply ballads of a higher order than usual, permeated, it is true, by a touch of almost poetic sentimentality,§ but not sufficiently robust or vigorously national to take permanent root. The pleasing tunes: "So leb; denn wohl, du stilles Haus," "Brüderlein fein" (at which even Heine used to go into ecstasies, as he could truly do when he chose), and the song of the Dustman, so popular in their day, their popularity being equalled perhaps only by Gellert's poems in the last century, are forgotten! They modestly retired before the coarse farce-music, which, saucy and brazen, appeared in the wake of Nestroy's muse, and that of his successors, and which in its turn is now displaced by the productions of the present period. Perhaps, had Wenzel Müller collected his pleasing and agreeable little melodies in a comic opera, instead of scattering them with a lavish hand about the farces of Raimund and others, he would still be at home in many theatres whence "grand" opera, and low opera have not yet driven away everything else; but his music disappeared with the *pieces* for which he wrote it.

Perhaps Lortzing might have been the man to elevate German comic opera, if, in the first place, his miserable circumstances had not prevented his ever developing his powers; if he had not been too much of a dilettante as regards his treatment of form; and if his worthy colleagues, the respected *Kapellmeister*, had not, instead of encouraging, looked patronizingly down upon him, though most of them were unable to write ten bars of music like that which sparkles all through his *Waffenschmied*, and *Czaar und Zimmermann*. (The biography of this composer is one of the saddest leaves in the history of German musicians!) Nicolai's *Lustige Weiber* is indisputably the best thing in the way of comic opera that has been composed in Germany during the present century, but it is the production of an eclectic, influenced by noble aspirations, and striving gradually to get rid of the impressions produced

\* If we allude to Hiller's *Singspiele* only in a note, it is not because we do not properly appreciate the merit of that admirable composer, but because we do not find prominently marked an individual and yet at the same time genuinely national style, such as that which, for instance, in Dittesdorf's *Doctor und Apotheke* even at the present day exerts an absolutely overpowering effect, though, of course, only on those who have still a sense of style. (N.B.—*Singspiele* are light pieces with songs interspersed.—TRANSLATOR.)  
† Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto* is written in the same style. We must look for the difference in the matter rather than the form.

‡ The air, "Der Wein ist ein Specieum;" the women's duet in the second act; the *finale* of the latter; and the concerted piece, "Ich bin von der Polizei," in the last act, must indisputably be called classic.

§ "Half-and-half poetry is dangerous to real poetry" as Grillparzer admirably observes in his poem on Vienna, the "Capua of the intellect."



by the Italian school. After the *Lustige Weiber*, Flotow's *Stradella* and *Martha* must be considered as very successful comic operas; but the music is not German music; it is an eclectic specimen, put together with great taste, of all kinds of styles. The best numbers in both operas have a decided leaning to French models. What has since been offered by Herr von Flotow and others to the German public scarcely, with a very few exceptions, and those not exceedingly brilliant ones, deserves the name of vocal music, far less that which its composers claim for it! Of the mere imitations of Parisian models we will not say a word.

How is this phenomenon to be explained? The nation which asserts that it is the only nation possessing genuine humour; nay, the only nation understanding it, has for thirty years produced no national comic opera!

If we would examine into the reasons, we are nearly always told: no book that was anything like respectable could be procured, and, therefore, no good comic opera could be composed. Let us grant this reason to be a valid one; how is it that the humorous nation *par excellence* did not possess a truly comic author who could write such a book? To what class do the *Possen* or farces belong, of which a fresh one starts up every week, and for which there is so large a consumption of "music?" Among the authors of these farces, among the representatives of "superior imbecility," as it has been termed, is not there one, who, once in a way, could put a little common sense in sprightly verse? Let us cast a glance on our much reviled neighbours, the French, in whom many rigorists among us deny the existence of aught like "high natural gifts" in the way of music, or anything like "profound" intelligence, and whose comedies and comic operas, they assert, are not suited to the German character. In the first place, the French can boast of comic operas such as *Le Maçon*, *La Dame Blanche*, and *Jean de Paris*, which have been acknowledged to be in every respect models by all musicians and lovers of music who do not stand up for tragic opera only (this is a point which we will discuss more at length presently); in addition to these, their composers have produced, moreover, *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, *La Part du Diable*, and *Le Domino Noir*, which are admirable works, though they may not be entitled to the appellation of classic.\* But this is not all; even the last twenty years, so utterly unfertile in Germany, have in France given birth to many very meritorious works of the class we are discussing. We will not dwell upon the small genre pictures: *Bon Soir*, *Monsieur Pantalon*; *Monsieur et Madame Denis*, and *La Chanson de Fortunio* (in our opinion the most successful operetta Offenbach ever wrote), because they are sufficiently known in Germany; we will speak of a three-act opera by Reber, because it affords in its entire plan, that is to say, in the words as well as in the musical treatment, the most brilliant proof that, without frivolity, without immorality, and without certain piquant additions, to which we will not allude more nearly, as our doing so would, at the present moment, be attended by no advantage, it is possible to produce an excellent opera, and because, despite the admirable things it contains, and the great success with which it met thirteen years ago in Paris, the opera in question is utterly unknown in Germany. It is called *Le Père Gaillard*. In the first place, the subject has been admirably chosen, and is taken entirely from every day life. A wine merchant,† possessed of a small estate in the country, and the author of some merry little songs, lives most happily with his wife, and on good terms with all his neighbours. He is well off, thanks partly to his own labour and partly to the liberal payment he receives for a foster-son,

sent in his tenderest infancy mysteriously to him. A Paris Savant, who often flies from the turmoil of the capital, and seeks renewed health and amusement at Père Gaillard's, takes a particular interest in the boy, and on remarking that the latter, as he grows up, and the young daughter of his host, are fond of each other, on his death-bed appoints Père Gaillard his executor. The action begins at the moment the relatives of the deceased come to Père Gaillard's, for the purpose of being present at the reading of the will; they include an old military man and his wife (a lady in whom Gaillard's wife thinks she perceives a striking likeness to her own foster-son); a gentleman somewhat reduced in the world, etc. The two men, finding from Gaillard's account of his connection with the old Savant, that the property in all likelihood is not left to them, resolve, from a spirit of revenge and envy, to excite Gaillard's suspicions as to his wife's fidelity. They prove to him that, as he has himself long believed, his foster-son is the son of the old Savant, and that the visits of the latter, before the birth of the boy, to Gaillard's house were intended not for Gaillard himself but for his wife. By means of malicious allusions, and perfidious interpretations of little incidents, perfectly harmless in themselves, but capable of a certain significance when spitefully made to bear upon one another, they pour poison in the honest man's heart. Thus, when, on the will being opened, he is found to be the principal heir, and when, moreover, a sealed letter is discovered, addressed to Madame Gaillard, and to be handed to her alone, Gaillard is convinced of the lady's guilt, without seeing that this public act of confidence in him is a proof of the contrary. When, lastly, his neighbours, who have made arrangements to give him an especial testimony of their respect, assemble at his house, and begin whispering together mysteriously, he fancies he perceives the proof that his domestic misfortune is already generally known, and suddenly declares to the relatives that he will not accept the inheritance. He forbids his daughter to think of a union with his foster-son; after previously persuading his man servant to marry the maid, he induces him to give up the match; and introduces disunion and confusion into the entire household. His jealousy and rage at last burst forth on his meeting his wife at the moment she is holding the mysterious letter in her hand. He wants to see it. She refuses to let him do so, on the ground that it concerns a third person, a lady, without whose permission she dare not let even him know the contents. He insists, and a passionate scene ensues, but, at the right moment, he awakes to the consciousness that a man who has lived for twenty years happily with his wife, ought not to yield to contemptible suspicion, excited by those who are envious of him, and thus all at once destroy his domestic happiness; nay, he himself gives the letter to the lady—to the wife of the old officer, a lady whose confidence was enjoyed, in days of misfortune before her marriage, by the old Savant. The letter contains certain information which the reader will easily guess. Père Gaillard is once more himself; with light and joyous hand he arranges what he has thrown into disorder; and his neighbours and friends, wishing to pay him a particular mark of distinction, appoint him (unless we are mistaken) mayor, but he thankfully declines the honour, begging them still to bestow their friendship on him as an independent man.

We have purposely gone into the book at such length because it belongs to that class of work for which there are plenty of subjects in Germany; because it enters so thoroughly into the feelings and life of the middle classes, and because the point more especially to be proved was that we, who boast with justice of a higher kind of life among our middle classes than is to be found among those of other nations, have not understood how to profit by it, as well as the author of the French libretto has understood to profit by that of his country.

\* We must here again expressly state that we leave out of consideration the absolute partisans of the Cothurnus.

† It is now thirteen years since we heard the opera in Paris, and we speak from memory only.

Of the music, we cannot speak at equal length, because our doing so would lead us from the object of this article; we will, therefore, merely remark that it is conceived in a fresh, simple strain; that it contains many felicitous bits; and that it is worked out in a masterly manner.—Let us now return to *German comic opera* and endeavour to discover why it is so utterly prostrate.

(To be continued.)

MADRID.—A project has been set on foot to encourage national serious Spanish opera in Spain. "The end in view," says *La Espanale Musical*, "is neither more nor less than to show other nations that we know as much about musical art as they do; that we are quite as capable as they of producing beautiful musical compositions; and, lastly, that we have no need to beg of them a gift which, from peculiar circumstances, is especially our own." The following are the conditions as set forth by those who started the movement:—1. A prize of 6,000 reals will be awarded to the best opera; 2. a prize of 2,000 reals will be awarded to the second best; 3. and 1,000 reals will be awarded to the third best. 4. Should two operas be considered equally good, the sum awarded will be divided between the two. 5. The operas may be in two, three, or four acts, but not more. 6. Besides the three prize operas, other operas of merit will be selected for production, and for forming a stock of national works. 7. The librettos must be in Spanish, and it is desirable that the subjects be taken from national sources. 8. None but Spanish composers will be allowed to compete. 9. The operas must be in full score and accompanied by another score for piano and voice. 10. They must be accompanied by their librettos. 11. No composer must forward more than one serious opera, but he may add a comic opera. 12. The operas must be forwarded, by the 15th September next, to Antonio Romero, Madrid. Each score must be headed by a motto, and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name and address of the composer. 14. The opera which obtains the first prize will be produced first, etc., etc.

HERR HAUPTMANN, late organist of the Parish Church, Tenby, has been appointed organist of St. Luke's, Cheltenham.

MR. DENBIGH NEWTON and MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON, the vocalists, have just lost their father after a lengthened illness. He died on the 5th inst.

COLOGNE.—Herr Ferdinand Hiller has been made a Knight of the first division of the Order of the White Falcon by the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.—A public meeting was held on Monday in the Town Hall, Brecon, for the purpose of taking steps to secure the holding of the National Eisteddfod in that town, for the year 1869. It was very largely attended, and presided over by the Mayor. A committee was appointed to carry it out and communicate with the Council of the National Eisteddfod.

DEATH OF DR. MARK.—We deeply regret to notice the death of this gentleman, so well known for his exertions in popularizing music among the young. For many years Dr. Mark has annually given concerts in Edinburgh, which were highly appreciated by parents, and crowded with delighted juveniles. From the last report of Dr. Mark's College, we learn that "during the past twenty years he has given no fewer than 9,586 concerts and 5,250 lectures. He has had the honour of playing before Her Majesty and the Royal Family several times, also before 7,645,791 children and 6,255,689 adults; played the National Anthem 9,982 times, travelled 296,690 miles, expended £125,000, independent of £25,000 of his own resources. He has established a royal college of music, and several conservatoires of music, organized a number of juvenile bands, and upwards of 5,500 private and class pupils have been taught upon his system, many being educated and maintained free of expense. Dr. Mark has been presented, unsolicited, with testimonials from musicians of the first rank, including Hallé, Mdlle. Piccolomini, Giuglini, Jullien, &c.; and his entertainments have been patronized by royalty and the aristocracy." We hope that some means will be taken to maintain Dr. Mark's training college and his admirable little band, so that the work of which he was the originator may be perpetuated.—*Edinburgh Courier*.

### Third Impromptu.

The money for the notice  
Has never yet been paid;  
My lowest price, I beg to state,  
Is now before you laid.

One shilling for the pantomime  
Is what you promised me;  
Two shillings for the next I charge,  
And for the next one three.

SEPTIMUS SILVER.  
(Aged nine.)

To my revered papa, Shaver Silver, Esq.,  
also to Uncle Harmony.

MISS CHOLMONDLEY, from the Theatre, Doncaster, has joined the Olympic as the leading vocalist. From what we have heard of this young lady's vocal abilities we have little doubt she will become a favourite with the London public.

MESDAMES TIETJENS and Demeric-Lablache, Mdlle. Baumeister, Messrs. Tom Hohler and Santley (vocalists), with Mr. Wehli (pianist), and Signor Bevignani (conductor), have left London for a musical tour in the provinces; the last-named has composed a waltz for Madame Tietjens, and a ballad for Mdlle. Baumeister. Mr. Santley will sing, among other things, Felicien David's new romance, "Oh, gentle Spirit," in which he made so great an effect at the last Gentlemen's Concert in Manchester.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The academic season for 1867 terminated with a very agreeable private concert, given by the professional students of the Academy, in St. George's Hall, Langham Place. The audience completely filled the large hall and galleries, and numbered amongst them some distinguished musical connoisseurs. It was obvious from the applause bestowed on the performances that they were highly appreciated by their friends, and evinced the marked and decided progress of the young artists. It would scarcely be *en règle* to notice the details of a performance the private character of which precludes criticism. It must suffice to say then, that the majority of the fair pianists, who in considerable numbers graced the entertainment, have already advanced beyond mediocrity, and give promise with perseverance, in their excellent system of training, to swell the ranks of highly accomplished artists. The vocal music was well executed, and embellished with some charming and characteristic compositions by Signor Schira. Two very young lads, assisted by their teacher, M. Paque, elicited the deserved plaudits of the audience by a careful and artistic performance on the violoncello of a quartet, written expressly for them; and the concert terminated by a very effective piece of acting in the shape of a dramatic trifle, in which the elocutionary powers of the students were displayed to great advantage and the general satisfaction of their friends. The addition of a dramatic school of elocution is a highly commendable feature in the system of the London Academy of Music, and cannot fail to contribute to the benefit of its vocal and operatic students. The Academy resumes its sessions on Jan. 13th.

ANGLO-CAMBRIAN CONCERT.—A concert was given on Monday under the above denomination, being the second of a series, at the Concert Hall, Store Street, in which the Cambrian element was strongly developed, both in the artists engaged and the music performed. The Cambrian National Melody Choir, under the direction of Mr. W. Williams, sang several Welsh national airs with effect. Miss Kate Roberts, a pupil of Dr. Wylde's London Academy of Music, played to perfection on the pianoforte Haydn's Trio in G major, in conjunction with Mr. Ellis Roberts and Mr. A. Lewis, and a *thème varié*, of Osborne and De Beriot's, with E. Roberts. Miss Adelaide Newton, a young contralto, gave, with much expression, Benedict's "Rock me to sleep," whilst Mr. Denbigh Newton, in Felicien David's charming romance, "Oh, gentle Spirit," created a legitimate effect by his singing. Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Annie Cox, Miss Anna Isaacs, Miss Evans, and Mr. W. Thomas contributed several popular effusions, and Mr. Ellis Roberts some solos and accompaniments on the harp. Mr. J. Stephens was the accompanist at the pianoforte.—B. B.

DARMSTADT.—Herr von Flotow's opera, *Indra*, has been revived after a lapse of eleven years.

## ACROSS MALVERN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The quiet and peaceful village of Guarford, some two miles from attractive Malvern, lying under the shade of the eternal hills, was animated, on Thursday se'night, by the sweet strains of melody. A concert was given, the arrangements generally reflecting the highest credit on all who kindly gave their assisting hand.

The village avocations are strictly of a rural nature, the inhabitants abounding with white-smock gentlemen who rise early and late, attending to the soil, so "that our garners may be full."

To those who visit Malvern the pretty walk to Barnard's Green and the drives round are valued by all. Wherever the eye wanders you never lose the hills, beholding their grand range in the distance; the aspect is as exquisite a picture as human pen can pourtray. To so many who are actively engaged in pastoral labours, the anticipation of a concert reddened up the faces of these loyal inhabitants—where music is a scarce material, only heard on Sunday from Mr. Wigley, the assiduous organist of the parish church, who favours them with good psalmody and voluntaries from our ecclesiastical writers. Wigley merits my commendations, having worked hard; through his instrumentality the concert awarded such happy results. There are some gentlemen in this town, who, after the incessant toils of the counter and desk, like to meet at the house of our worthy friend Admiral Wink, where "the comforts of home" are visible, the good host being at all times ready to display his kindness—provision of comforts. Attention, with friendship, has made the proprietor of the North Malvern Hotel appreciated by all, and his many followers are a standing witness that they like to fraternise with a man with whom kindness, not self, is the watchword.

To all musically disposed a nice room is provided with a good "Collard" piano. Here our little team of musicians meet; and if Mr. Rogers could kindly give a little more of his time to their assistance, ascent, in an artistic view, is certain. Mr. Rogers has a good touch: his regular attendance is always esteemed. Mr. Klitz is also a good auxiliary. I had the pleasure of hearing him play Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" for six hours. Such love he has for the lamented musician, six days would not tire him—positively devouring him. To such meetings as these we owe much of the success that followed the concert at Guarford. The concert was interspersed with songs, &c., the room being under some indefatigable hands, whose handiwork attracted the eye, from the ornamental manner in which taste was displayed. The good rector is a model man, kind and benevolent; he assisted with all his energy; his jocose and merry ways gave a stimulant to all present. One of the treats of the evening was Mr. Lockyer's "Jolly John Bull," his stentorian voice perfectly alarming the audience. He declaims his subject with immense power; he wields a voice with large health of tone, sounding in the distance like a volley of artillery. The encore was furious, no one more enjoying it than the kind rector. Mr. Lockyer kindly complied and gave "John Barleycorn," with the same result, retiring amidst tremendous applause, delighting the audience with the jolly style he impersonates these characters. Mr. Lockyer has lived with us now twelve months, like Mr. Martin Lucy, always willing to give a helping hand. Mr. Lovell was very successful in his songs. Mr. Proctor also sang neatly his song. A little nervous, he has a pleasing way, and we shall always rejoice to hear him as often as he can favour us.

The concert, on the whole, was most pleasing, and the parish is much indebted to the gentlemen who came forward. Mr. Wigley has my warmest praise for his conducting and accompanying all allotted to him. No one assisted more in the evening than the good rector, who appreciated all most cordially; out of his large heart, after the concert was over, he provided his friends with a splendid repast; nature could not crave for more, the good things of the season being abundant—all jollily partaking freely—then wending their ways to their respective homes after a most joyful evening, stirring and brightening up the retired village of Guarford.

I hear with profound pleasure that the aristocratic village, Malvern Wells, is providing Monday evening entertainments. This will furnish the Wells with much that is desired; naturally dull in the winter, any meetings like these will tend to bring much talent that lies dead in this rising village to broad day-light. There are many musical friends in Malvern Wells who will render any assistance. Mr. Norris who now occupies the Wells Hotel, so many years the intelligent host of the British Camp Hostelry, will do all in his power to further the work; a capital violin player, good musician, fond of it, assisted by Mr. David Hayes, many pleasing evenings may be anticipated; one or two already have been given, and I heartily desire continued success to their good exertions. Dr. Ayerst for many years the respected hydropathic doctor at the Wells House has left, his health failing. Mr. Sims Reeves was located with him some two years back, deriving great benefit by Dr. Ayerst's treatment and the air of Malvern Wells.

With joy I congratulate the spirited inhabitants of West Malvern that their prettily situated church, St. James's, will ere long be supplied with a nice organ. Many in the locality have taken a lively interest in its erection including the worthy vicar, the Rev. Freeman, and Rev. Perfect. I rejoice that their united exertions have been successful. The instrument is in the hands of Mr. Nicholson, the eminent organ-builder of Worcester, many of whose instruments are in other churches, and for sweetness and varied qualities are second to none. Few churches stand in a more lovely position than West Malvern, the scenery, from the church-yard whatever way you cast your vision, arrests the eyes of the beholder, with the splendid avenues of woodland and forest scenery. Viewing the Salopian hills, the massive Welch mountains and our eternal hills, the great landscape before you affords a panorama of unusual beauty which nature herself need be proud of. The many new residences dotted here and there afford tokens of the rising popularity of this frequented spot, also the high families of distinction annually finding their way on the western side of the hills, to many are evidences of the attractiveness of this picturesque resort. The organ is anticipated about Easter; many contributions have been received—W. Lea, Esq., 25*l*.; Mrs. Lane Freer, the amiable lady of the late Venerable Archdeacon Freer, of Hereford, 20*l*.; Mr. Samuel Haywood, 1*l*.; and various sums, which still leaves a deficit of some 50*l*., which no doubt will soon be supplied. The Rev. Freeman and Rev. Perfect, using all their influence in advancing this desideratum, would facilitate the remaining deficiency. All credit is especially due to those through whose praiseworthy exertions the means have been so closely obtained. The assistance of the instrument will greatly assist the congregation in united voices swelling the triumphant chorus in strains of sweet sound to the Most High God. Arrangements had been made to give a concert to supply the deficiency. Unfortunately, Mr. Jabez Jones, whose musical talents are well known in the profession—at one period occupying the first position in Worcestershire, and deservedly so (as many of our musical friends know)—was taken ill therefore the concert is in abeyance at present. It is fair to say that Mr. Samuel Haywood, the genial host at the Westminster Arms, who never fails when necessity calls—with a helping hand always ready—has liberally placed at the Rev. Freeman's disposal his large room at the Westminster, capable of accommodating some 250 people. A concert, with an attractive programme, would be welcomed by the people of this village of repose, principally resorted to by the highest blood especially.

T. L.

Opposite the Unicorn, Jan. 8.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.—Last night we had the pleasure of hearing a second representation of the opera of *La Sonnambula*, by the company now appearing in the Waterloo Rooms. The principals were:—Amina, Mlle. Ida Gillies; Elvino, Mr. H. Bond; Rodolpho, Mr. Haydn Corri; Lisa, Madame Fanny Heywood; Alessio, Mr. A. Leslie; and Teresa, Miss Millar. In the character of Amina, Mlle. Gillies showed fine dramatic conception, while rendering the music of the part with a tenderness of expression and a brilliancy of execution that left nothing to be desired. Her delivery of the joyous air, "Do not mingle," was a perfect triumph of vocal art; and the audience, which we thought a little cold at first, were quite enraptured with it. For Mr. Bond, an apology was made that he was suffering from cold, but he nevertheless went through his part very successfully; and we doubt not, but for the apology, he would have been heartily enored in the celebrated song, "Still so gently o'er me stealing," which he gave in graceful and artistic style. Mr. Haydn Corri made a creditable appearance as the Count, but evidently wanted confidence in himself—a circumstance which a good deal impaired his rendering of the song, "As I view these scenes so charming." Mme. Heywood as Lisa greatly improved on her former appearances.—*Edinburgh Courier*, Jan. 6.

HAMMERSMITH.—A Christmas entertainment was given in the Lecture Hall, on Friday evening the 27th ult. Dr. Moxey was lecturer and reader. The *West London Observer* thus notices the entertainment:—"What can we say about Dr. Moxey's reading that has not been said before. Whatever he touches he turns to gold, and nothing seems to come amiss to him. Dr. Moxey never reads *Rab and his Friends* without producing a powerful effect. *One Touch of Nature*, a *petite drama* by Benjamin Webster, we heard as a reading for the first time. We had previously seen the Doctor's impersonation of William Penn Holder behind the footlights, and we were prepared for all the simple naturalness—the tenderness which distinguished the conception of that character; but we were unprepared for such an exact reproduction of Lord Dundreary. The vocal and instrumental part of the programme was sustained by Madame Burrington, Mr. Burrington, and Miss Fairman. Madame Burrington's fine matured contralto voice told well in this Hall, and the archness and *noisette* with which she sang 'Tapping at the Garden Gate,' we never heard excelled. Miss Fairman is a favourite at the Penny Readings."



## FÉLICIEN MALLEFILLE'S LAST.

In London we are accustomed to see obscure theatres suddenly start into celebrity, but the phenomenon is less common in Paris. Lately, however, the Théâtre de Cluny, of which, probably, many even of our travelled readers never heard, has been made famous by the production of *Les Sceptiques*, a comedy, written by M. Félicien Mallefille, and sent by him, in the first instance, to the Théâtre Français. The authorities at the ancient temple of legitimacy accepted the work, subject to corrections, so M. Mallefille, disliking the condition, availed himself of the present system of free competition, and bore off *Les Sceptiques* to the more obscure establishment.

The scepticism which M. Mallefille has in view, and which he represents by several types, is closely allied to cynicism. The banker Landurel is indeed a professed atheist, but, by no means inconsistently, a profound believer in mesmeric science. His wife, who, without the slightest feeling of love, takes to herself a lover, Lionel de Trésignan, simply because he is a marquis, and who is a consummate hypocrite withal, and Lionel's cousin, the Duke Richard de Villepreneuse, hardened by a thorough disbelief in virtue, make up the set, to which may be added the Marquis himself, though he is but moderately a sceptic. Opposed to them is Pierre Fiomont, a young artist of generous impulses. The Duke is ostentatiously wicked. He not only entertains his friends with a mocking account of the modern state of society, but candidly confesses that when in Germany he betrayed a young lady of noble birth and limited means, and abandoned her without the slightest scruple. Something like an expression of remorse nearly lets out the secret that the Duke is not quite so bad as he seems; but he soon corrects the too favourable impression which he may have made, and by the flippancy question, "Il y a donc d'honnêtes femmes?" he announces his general doubt on the subject of female virtue, thus drawing from Pierre Fiomont the counter question, at once pertinent and impertinent, "Et votre mère?" A duel is now on the cards, but is prevented by Lionel, and Pierre has the opportunity of showing that there is something serious in the world after all. The foregoing incident takes place at the house of the banker, and, before the party breaks up, Pierre tries to persuade Lionel not to choose the Duke for a model, but to break off his disreputable *liaison* with Mme. Landurel and take to himself a wife. His good counsel is the cue for the entrance of the Countess d'Apremont and her daughter-in-law Blanche, and being on familiar terms with the new comers, he introduces Blanche to Lionel so efficiently that a marriage is agreed upon between the young persons, and Lionel follows Pierre to the Château d'Apremont, leaving to his cousin the Duke the pleasant job of releasing him from the tie that binds him to the banker's wife.

Our readers have certainly not guessed that the highly estimable Countess is no other than the lady who was so heartlessly abandoned by Duke Richard. Such is the fact, however. Since her misfortune she has gained the respect and love of Count d'Apremont, a kindly but "sceptical" old noble, who has refused to hear her revelations of the past, and has married her without further inquiry. The intimacy with Madame Landurel arises from the circumstance that they were both brought up at the same convent; and when she learns from the friend of her girlhood that Duke Richard is in the house, she retreats with all precipitancy, having already been presented by Madame Landurel with a lace mantle, which she afterward gives to Blanche. The little interesting discussion between the Duke and the banker's wife on the subject of Lionel's disappearance now takes place, and the result is the departure of both for the Château d'Apremont with equally worthy motives. Madame Landurel wants to prevent the marriage of her fugitive lover with Blanche. The Duke wishes to renew his old connection with the Countess.

From the unwholesome atmosphere of the atheistical banker's *salon* we are now transported to the blissful Château d'Apremont, where scepticism, whether theoretical or practical, is unknown save to the Count, and everybody save the Count believes in the existence and truth of everybody else. The arrival of the sceptical pair does not bring "coals to Newcastle" in the shape of superfluous happiness. The appearance of the Duke is naturally annoying to the Countess, and Madame Landurel, once planted within the enemy's lines, refuses to retrace her steps. The good Count and the wicked Duke chance to be old friends, and with that delicacy which is peculiar to French pictures of life, the former receives in all kindness the confessions of his younger friend, made without mention of names, and innocently gives counsel that tends to the renewed dishonour of his own wife. Well primed with good counsel, the Duke proceeds to attack the virtue of the now immaculate Countess, and though he does not undermine her ethical principles, he frightens her into an assignation by telling her that if she is not in a certain spot at a certain hour considerably after night-fall, she is very likely to see the corpse of the man whom once she loved.

To get rid of that standing nuisance, Mme. Landurel, the excellent

Pierre has contrived that a certain letter shall fall into the hands of her husband at Paris, and brings him down to the blissful chateau. To the abode of tottering peace, therefore, comes the atheistical banker, determined to find his wife in some disreputable position. As his eyesight is none of the sharpest, the interview between the Countess and the Duke is quite enough for his purpose, and when he has rapidly concluded that the former is Mme. Landurel, his convictions are clenched by the mantilla in which she dresses. Actually, as we have seen, the mantilla belongs to Blanche, who now, by advancing claims to her property, makes matters more hopeless than ever. She, then, not Mme. Landurel, figured in the disgraceful *tête-à-tête*; so her father, a "sceptic" in former times, is persuaded of her dishonour, and the semi-sceptic Lionel wishes to back out of his matrimonial engagement. Excellent Pierre tries to set things right by offering to marry Blanche himself, but it will not do. A whisper from Mme. Landurel into the ear of the Count comes like a bombshell. The Countess is obliged to confess that she is the real "Simon Pure" of the assignation, and now Lionel and Pierre both come in for the hard words of the Count. Virtue, however, is sure to work her way upwards in the dramatic world, unless she selects such an unlucky friend on the stage as that of our Charles II. In *Les Sceptiques* it is not without a struggle that she obtains her supremacy. The Countess unmasks Duke Richard, and the Count abandons his wife to her seducer; but the Duke, far from appreciating the value of the donation, shoots himself through the heart—rather a strong incident for comedy, though excused, if not justified, by the precedent of Sir John Vanburgh.

The ancient sceptic Pyrrho seems to have been a very excellent citizen and worthy man. Modern sceptics, if we may trust M. Mallefille, do not accurately tread in the steps of the master.

P. M. G.

## Another Impromptu.

You fancied once you saw the Sun,  
And cried—"Ha! I've got up too soon."  
The orb of day its course had run,  
And what surprised you was the Moon.

SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

To Augustus Mayhew, Esq.

MILAN.—Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* has been given at the Scala, with Signora Berini Vanzini, Signori Tiberi and Collini in the principal parts. It was well received, but this was entirely due to the efforts of the artists named, who were recalled at the fall of the curtain. The orchestra was bad; the chorus worse; the scenery unsatisfactory; and the *mise-en-scène* wretched.—At the Carcano, the management, after playing *Rigoletto* two nights, has gone back to *Romeo e Giulietta*.

FLORENCE.—According to report, a new opera, *Vilfredo Hoffach*, music and words by Madame Rattazzi, will be produced in this capital during the approaching Carnival.

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